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The battle of the Crusaders









Chapter 1 by Kalil Warren

In a cold crisp morning, the only remains of the fire was burnt out coals. Their was 4,000 men in all, and Bjain was one of them. All crusaders, most were farmers that never picked up a weapon in there life. Bjain's tent was red tent passed down to him from his War General father. That tent saw many battles, ever battle it has seen it came out victorious.

Everything was silent, no animal dared utter a noise. Bjain woke to the smell of smoke. Bjain jumped in to action throwing on as much armor he could. Sounds of war fare ranged out side. Men screaming, steal on steal, fire was closing in on Bjain.

Chapter 2 by AverageAuthor 12



He stepped out of his tent and the glorious smell of battle smacked him in the face. With a large smile on his face the burly man casually walked towards the battle. His armor bearer handed him his sword which he took graciously "Thank you good Lad, now run along don't want to see you get hurt" He patted the small boy on the head and with a chuckle walked leisurely down towards the battlefield.

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Bjan entered the battle sword still in his scabbard. A enemy charged him but he Bjan just smiled. The man raised his sword high over his head and swung. Bjan simply side stepped. The man missed and the weight of the sword dragged him down so he face planted in the dirt, stabbing himself through the stomach.

Two more enemies charged Bjan and he finally unsheathed his sword.

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